

Enforcing "Bone Dry" Prohibition

Officials of the government handling the bone-dry law are rapidly whipping into shape the machinery to enforce it. The faint hope held out by some that Uncle Sam would overlook the rigid application of the law seems more and more remote, judging from preparations being made to make the country bone-dry in fact.

Trained secret service men, who performed marvelous work in trailing and falling enemy aliens for Uncle Sam during the early stages of the war, will be utilized in the work.

In addition to these elench, William H. Anderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, has already launched a new national patriotic organization known as the Allied Citizens of America, Incorporated. Although not a prohibition organization, its first objective will be to carry into effect the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution. Members of this organization will co-operate with the Federal Government in running down violators of the new law.

Uncle Sam's secret service operatives, trained under Bruce Bielaski, former chief of the Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, will be under the immediate charge of William E. Allen, recently appointed to fill Mr. Bielaski's place. Mr. Allen is from Texas, a dry state, and is thoroughly familiar with prohibition. It is expected his knowledge in prohibition matters will be useful to his men in running down those who may attempt to evade the law.

It would seem from this that an evasion of the law would be an impossibility with the Anti-Saloon organization and the Federal operatives working hand in hand.

Aside from the preparations being made by Uncle Sam to carry out the provisions of prohibition, it is learned that the government has found that income tax delinquents are nearly always reported to them by somebody who has a grievance against the delinquent. Those instructed with enforcing the law hope that jealous neighbors, discharged servants and people with grievances will furnish information where nearly every bottle of hidden liquor can be found. With the law punishing "the possession of liquor," it will not take long to search out all the liquor that has been stored for private use and punish the people who possessed it.

Undoubtedly, every eye is being focused on the National Capital for some specific interpretation of the law. Those having the matter in charge here intimate that not only will whiskey and beer come under the Government's ban but the old family home-made wines like grand-mother used to make, as well as cider produced in the hand-driven mill under the old apple tree. The alcoholic content of cider is often as high as 13 per cent, while grape wine is



Mrs. Sidney Drew

William E. Allen
Temporary Successor
to A. Bruce Bielaski

about 2.5 per cent. Beer is ordinarily 2.75 per cent.

Within the past few days, bills have been introduced in Congress to prohibit the making, possession or using of any leverage containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol and also making provision for an appropriation of three and one-half million dollars for a Commissioner of Intoxicating Liquors and his assistants.

This first provision will prohibit all home-made beverages such as cider and native wines, as well as many of the soft drinks. The Commissioner of Intoxicating Liquors will have an army of agents to enforce the provisions of the dry laws.

Exactly how this situation is going to work out is not yet known. If the family cupboard is to be robbed of home-made wines and the cellar of its cider, undoubtedly a nation-wide protest will result. Officials of the Government are gathering together all these phases of the new law and it is hoped here that the Internal Revenue Bureau will soon announce

specifically what the American people may expect in the matter of home-made drinks, despite their alcoholic content.

But to the local State officials will probably be left the searching out of liquor kept secretly for personal use by individuals.

During the last few months millions of gallons of hard liquors, wines and beer have been bought by individuals and laid aside in their homes so that in the dry years to come they will have a drop of brandy for the old people or a glass of whiskey for a cold, wet day, or a bottle of beer on a hot August evening.

While the national prohibition law was being passed, and before it actually went into effect, there was no way of preventing private parties from buying liquor to take home and keep for the future. Thus the liquor dealers have been able to dispose of their enormous stocks with great speed at high prices to individual householders.

But the prohibitionists have not lost sight of this liquor, and it is

Secy Dinwiddie
of Anti-Saloon LeagueSenator Morris Sheppard
Author of Prohibition Bill

hoped that these hidden bottles 'can be hunted out and seized after the new law goes into effect.

The strong hand of the law was recently felt in Virginia. Virginia is bone dry and it is a criminal offense to bring even so much as a teaspoonful of beer into the State. Officers are posted all along the border of Virginia watching the highways and railroads. Trunks have been broken open and searched in baggage cars, and passengers and their bundles and hand satchels have been searched in the coaches.

For a time the through trains

which cross the border of the State at night were not much disturbed. But why should the law halt in the presence of a sleeping woman or child—the officers reasoned. Nestled in the warm silken folds of her nightgown or wrapped in the embrace of her corset might possibly be hidden a flask of contraband brandy—the Pullman berths must be searched!

And as the searchers in the Pullman sleepers were at their work with new zeal, invading the berths and women's dressing rooms and toilets, so also the searchers in the baggage cars redoubled their efforts. At Roanoke, Virginia, the officers broke

open a coffin on a through passenger train. In the coffin was the body of Robert E. Chapman, who had died in New Haven, Connecticut, and his corpse was being sent to his home at Norton, Virginia, for burial.

Former Judge John Barton Payne, now general counsel for the Railroad Administration, declared in a letter to Governor Davis: "Nothing has done so much to injure the good name of Virginia as the conduct of the prohibition officers."

The activities of the liquor deputies on the railroad trains have brought vigorous complaints to the director general of railroads, particularly from Parker Quincy Moore, Mayor of Wilmington, North Carolina.

Mayor Moore's protest was written to the director general of railroads, but it is not the business of the railroad management to bother with liquor laws. When a train of cars comes into the State the local town, county or State authorities have the right to enforce the local laws on that train. The energetic prohibition agents in Virginia in the discharge of their duties need pay no attention to the protests of the mayor of a North Carolina city or any comments the United States railroad officials might make. The legislature of Virginia has the right to enact any anti-liquor law the people of the State want and to see that its officers rigidly enforce it.

Virginia Has Rivals.
Virginia is not the only State with a bone-dry liquor law, and, of course, Virginia is not the only place where search and seizure activities are going on. In Nebraska the watchful prohibition officers are very much

alive to make sure that no guilty drop of liquor escapes them.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, the dramatic stars, were entertaining friends in their rooms at the Fountaine Hotel, in Omaha, recently. Suddenly the door burst open and policemen rushed in. A search of the rooms revealed a suit case with some liquor in it. The police marched Mr. Drew to the police station and carried the seized bag and contraband contents along with him.

Michigan also has a bone-dry law. This law has been in operation for more than a year, but penalties were not quite stiff enough. So the other day the Michigan legislature put some more teeth in the law, and now you pay \$1,000 and go to jail for two years if you are caught with liquor in your possession. The officers can search around trains, automobiles, and baggage.

In Maine prohibition has been in operation for many years, but never was so stringently enforced as now. Trains coming into the State from Massachusetts are met by four separate sets of liquor hunters—United States Department of Justice detectives, Maine State liquor special agents, county sheriffs and the local town police. Thus the Federal government and three different sets of State authorities are all charged with the duty of stopping liquor from coming into the State.

So it is now one of the various duties of the Department of Justice to see that this law is enforced. To be perfectly safe, if you have a little home-made wine, or some cider, or a precious bottle of the "goods," you had better consult your lawyer.

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A TEXAN'S EXPENSE

This story of the election expenses of a Georgia man who was defeated for county commissioner in the recent primaries reaches us by way of the Newark Leader in a dispatch from Atlanta. His sworn statement runs: "Lost 1,349 hours of sleep thinking about the election. Lost two front teeth and a whole lot of hair in a personal encounter with an opponent. Donated one beef, four shoats and five sheep to a county barbecue. Gave away two pairs of suspenders, four calico dresses, 15 cash and 13 baby rattles. Kissed 126 babies. Kindled 14 kitchen fires. Put up 4 stoves. Walked 4,976 miles. Shook hands with 2,505 persons. Told 10,101 lies, and talked enough to make, in print,

ORDER OF PUBLICATION

In the Circuit Court of Buchanan County, Missouri, to the October Term, A. D. 1919.
State of Missouri, County of Buchanan, ss.
Roy Chapman, Plaintiff
vs.
Lillian W. Chapman, Defendant

Now at this day comes the plaintiff by his Attorney, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Circuit Court that said defendant, Lillian W. Chapman, is a non-resident of the State of Missouri, and does not reside therein, it is ordered that said non-resident defendant be notified by publication, as required by law, that said plaintiff has commenced his suit in this Court against said defendant by petition and affidavit, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the defendant, on the grounds of indignities, in that defendant has offered plaintiff such indignities as to render his condition in life intolerable, in this, to-wit: Defendant would often curse and abuse plaintiff, call him vile and indecent names; defendant would often go out in company with other men against the wishes and protests of plaintiff; that defendant would stay out late at night and come home intoxicated. That unless the said defendant, Lillian W. Chapman, shall be and appear at the next term of this Court, to be begun and held at the Court House, in the City of St. Joseph in Buchanan County, State of Missouri, on the 6th day of October, 1919, on or before the third day of said term, to answer plaintiff's petition, the same will be taken for confessed as to her, and judgment rendered accordingly.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in The St. Joseph Observer, a newspaper published in the County of Buchanan, for four weeks successively, the last insertion of which to be at least fifteen days before the next October term of this Court.

A true copy. Attest:
EMMETT J. CROUSE,
Clerk.
By Chas. A. Redfearn, Deputy Clerk.
P. H. Miller, Attorney for Plaintiff.

1,000 volumes. Attended 16 revival meetings, and was baptized 4 times by immersion, and twice some other way. Contributed \$50 to foreign missions, and made love to nine grass widows. Hugged forty-nine old maids. Got dog-bit 29 times, and was defeated."—Midland (Tex.) Reporter.

First in the Hearts of His Neighbors

One of the collectors of ashes for the city of Indianapolis was at work in an alley one day recently on the North Side. He was a large negro, and a property-owner stood in the back yard marveling at the ease with which the man handled large barrels of ashes.

"You're a fine specimen of manhood," said the admirer of the collector of ashes. "What is your name?"

"George Washington is my name, sir," replied the negro.

"Let me see," replied the property-owner, "it seems to me I've heard that name before somewhere."

"Yes, sir; I guess you have, boss," replied the negro. "I've been collecting ashes in this neighborhood onto seven years now."—Indianapolis News.

EVEN SNAILS WERE SLOW

Charley Smith, of the transportation detail, was promenading the Avenue de Baradic one evening and decided he could well dispose of a fromage sandwich before retiring for the night. He entered the cafe and after ten minutes within the emporium discovered he had two minutes to get to the barracks before "check" was made. He became quite irate and finally burst into a volume of speech concluding with "no wonder you eat snails, it's about all you could ever catch," and thereupon left his order in the wake of his trail—Flights and Landings, A. E. F. France.

USED THE USUAL METHOD

"Snickets," said the financier to his private secretary, "who was that persistent fellow who wanted to see me?"

"A book agent, sir."

"Ah! I'm glad you didn't let him in. What method did you use to get rid of him?"

"The usual method, sir. I bought a set of books."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AND HE SOLD THE MULE

"Want to buy a mule, Sam?"

"What ails de mule?"

"Nothin'."

"Den what are you sellin' him fo'?"

"Nothin'."

"I'll take him."

Home Comforts.

"I understand Mr. Grabocin is good to his family."

"Yes. He spends not less than \$50,000 a year on his wife and daughters."

"And what does he get out of it, I wonder?"

"Why, a place to eat and sleep when business permits, a dressing-gown, an easy chair and a pair of house slippers. What more does a man want?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Selling Talk.

"I have a swell place picked out for you."

"What is it like?"

"It is simply gorgeous!"

"So?"

"Such a glorious porch!"

"Yes?"

"With the most magnificent view!"

"Anything else?"

"Yes, it's on Grand Avenue!"—Wichita Eagle.

The Brighter Side.

"The floor walker reported me for inattention and I've been banished to the hardware department."

"Don't let that bother you, son. Although the hardware department may lack distinction, it's much easier to sell a suburbanite a hoe than it is to sell a lady of fashion a pair of gloves."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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